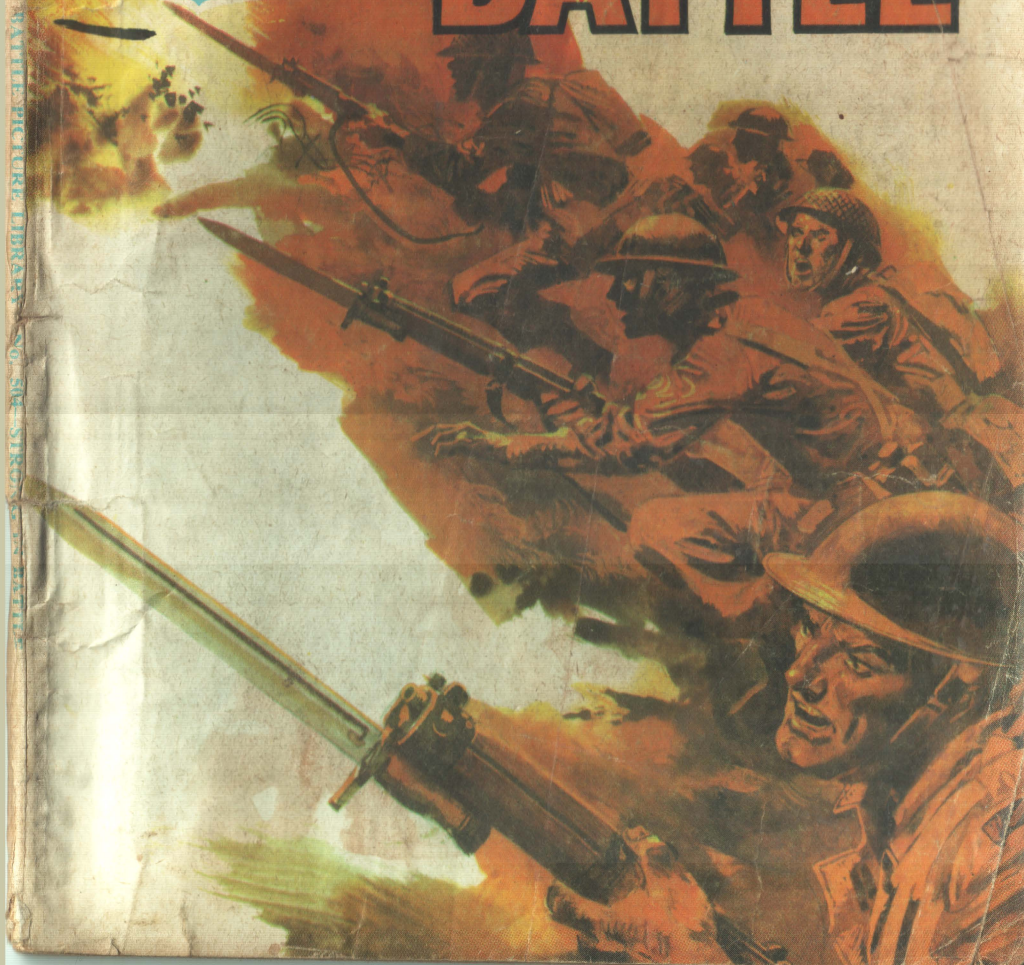




STRONG IN BATTLE



ALSO ON SALE NOW

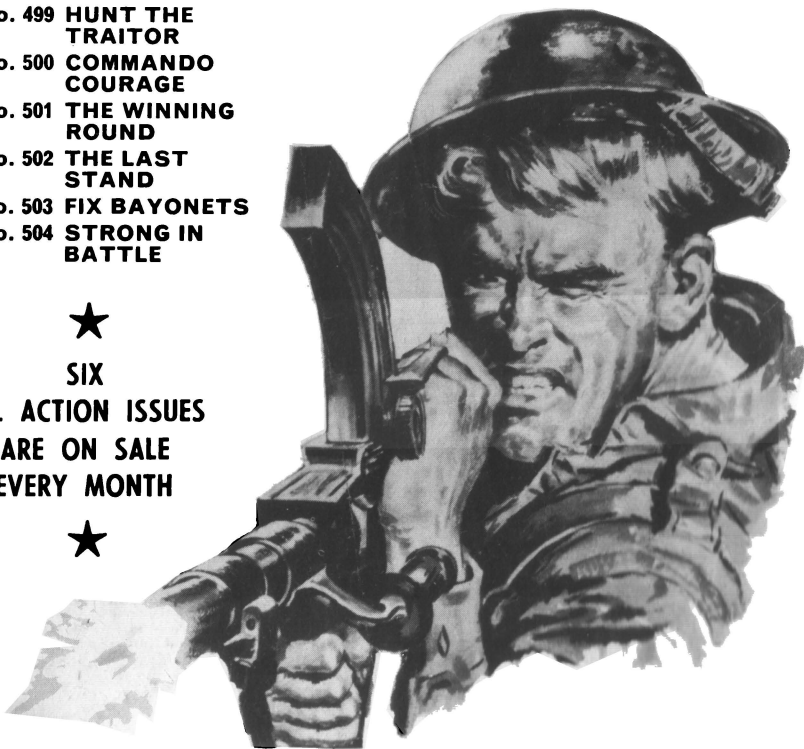
BATTLE

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BATTLE**



**SIX
ALL ACTION ISSUES
ARE ON SALE
EVERY MONTH**



STRONG *in* BATTLE

DURING THE BIG PUSH ACROSS EUROPE AFTER NORMANDY, THE ALLIES OFTEN MET THE ENEMY AT HIS TOUGHEST. MEN AND OFFICERS WERE TESTED TO THEIR LIMIT . . . AND SOMETIMES BEYOND . . .



PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 1965

Chapter 1. THE FIGHTING YEOMEN



Strong In Battle

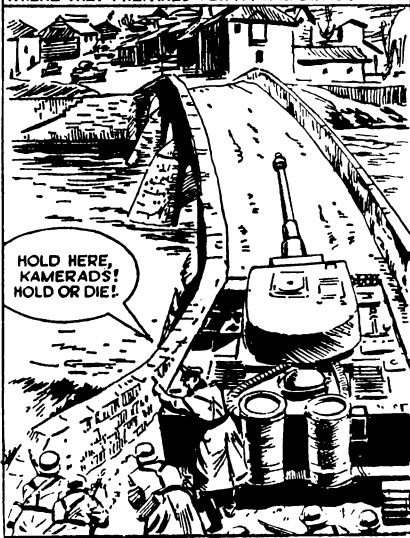
THE BURLY SERGEANT WAS IN HIS ELEMENT AS THE TOUGH, FIGHTING YEOMEN BATTLED INTO ST. MISERE BEHIND THE SHERMANS.



WITH SERGEANT HIMES IN THE THICK OF IT, NO 2 PLATOON SCYTHED FORWARD RUTHLESSLY, WINNING BACK ENEMY-HELD STRONGPOINTS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN . . .



BEFORE THE ONRUSHING BRITISH TANKS AND INFANTRY, THE GERMANS FELL BACK TO THE RIVER, WHERE THEY PREPARED FOR A FINAL STAND.



AT POINT-BLANK RANGE, THE MIGHTY TANK GUNS THUNDERED OUT ALMOST TOGETHER . . .



THE GERMANS FOUGHT SAVAGELY . . . BUT NOTHING COULD HOLD BACK THE TIDE OF ADVANCING YEOMEN.



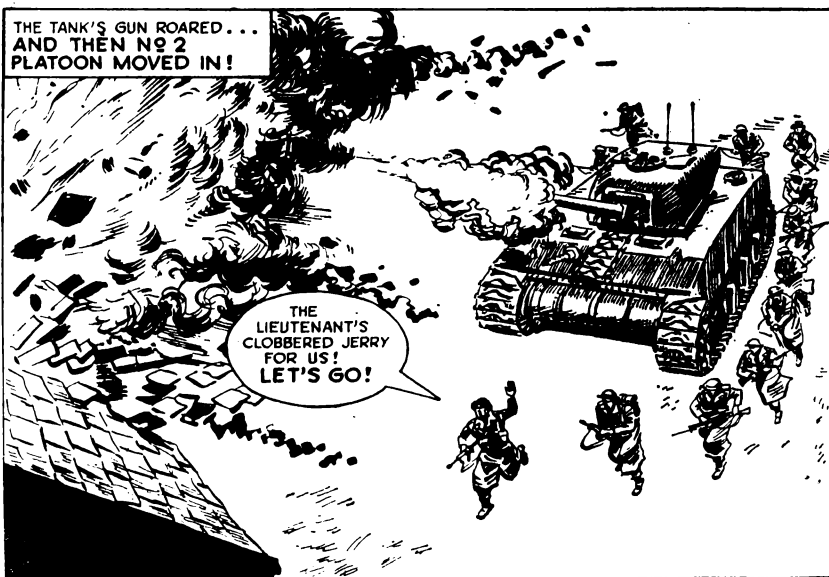


EVEN AS THE GRENADE EXPLODED, HIMES WAS BURSTING INTO THE HOUSE. FIRE DANCED AT THE MUZZLE OF HIS STEN GUN. . . .



SO, KNOCKING OUT NAZI STRONGPOINTS ON THE WAY, THE YEOMEN ADVANCED INTO THE HEART OF THE ENEMY TOWN. . . .





RACING FROM ROOM TO ROOM, CARELESS OF HIS OWN LIFE, HIMES ROUTED OUT THE PANIC-STRIKEN NAZIS.



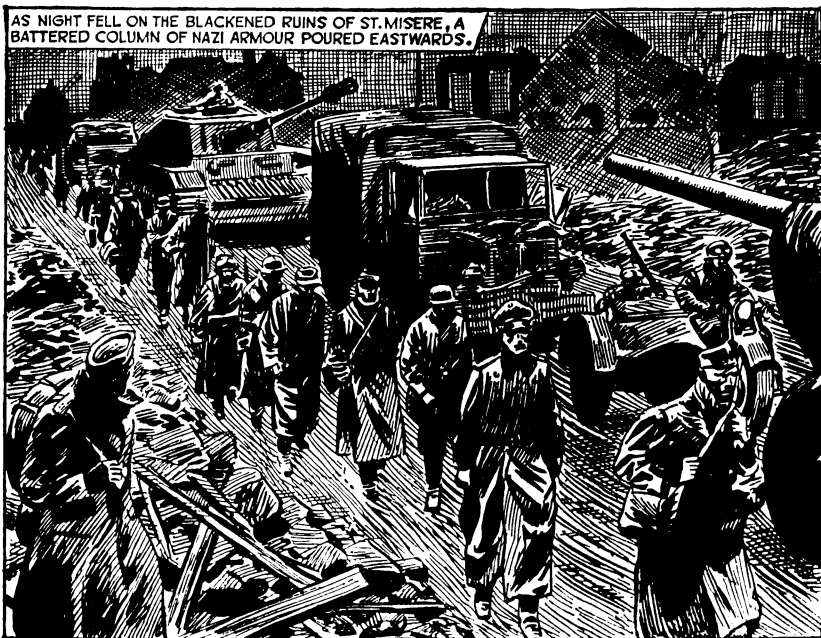
THE SERGEANT'S FIGHTING SPIRIT FLARED THROUGH THE RANKS OF NO 2 PLATOON. WITHIN A FEW, HECTIC HOURS, BATTLE-HARDENED VETERANS AND NEW RECRUITS BECAME WELDED INTO A DEVASTATING STRIKING FORCE.



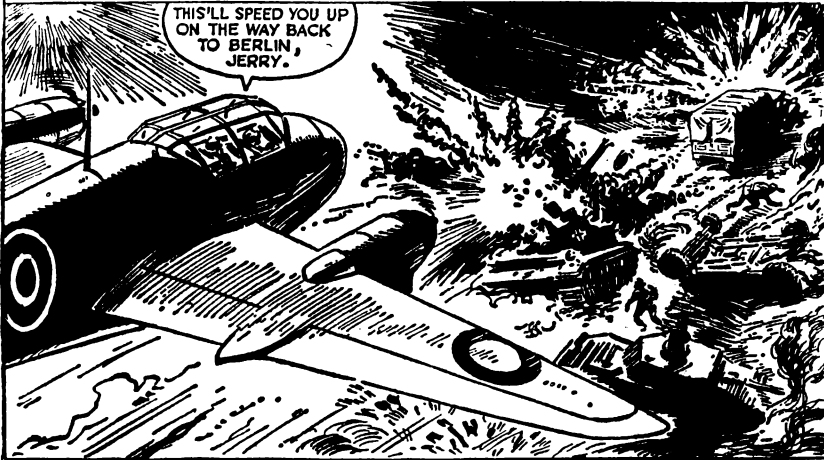
AS THE LIEUTENANT HURRIED OFF, A FLICKER OF A SMILE TOUCHED THE CORNER OF CAPTAIN FORT'S MOUTH. WITH THOUGHTFUL EYES HE TURNED TOWARDS HIS HASTILY SET UP H.Q. . .







FROM THE WEST CAME BRITISH BOMBERS. FIRST THEY DROPPED FLARES, THEN TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE THAT RAVAGED THE ONCE-PROUD TROOPS OF GERMANY'S FUEHRER.



BUT IN THE HEART OF ST. MISERE, IN A GREY STONE BUILDING STRANGELY UNMARKED BY SHELLS OR BULLETS, A POCKET OF HEAVILY-ARMED NAZIS STILL DEFIED THE BRITISH ADVANCE. . .



WE CAN'T SHELL OR BOMB, LIEUTENANT
... BECAUSE THAT BUILDING HAPPENS
TO BE A CONVENT, AND
JERRY MAY BE HOLDING
HOSTAGES INSIDE!



IT BECAME ANOTHER TASK FOR Nº2 PLATOON.
RAGGED CLOUDS MOVED ACROSS THE FACE OF
THE MOON AS THE MEN CREPT STEALTHILY
IN TOWARDS THE OBJECTIVE.



LOOKS AS
PEACEFUL AS
A PICTURE-
POSTCARD,
SARGE.

IT'S ABOUT
AS PEACEFUL
AS A NEST
OF SNAKES,
COOPER.

SOON, DARK SHADOWS FLITTED ACROSS THE
OPEN SPACES...



HIT FROM THE DARKENED WINDOWS OF THE BUILDING, NAZI GUNNERS SURVEYED THE SURROUNDING WOODS WITH HAWKLIKE EYES AND NERVOUS TRIGGER-FINGERS. . .



MURDEROUS MACHINE GUN FIRE RAKED THE TREES, AND EVEN THE BATTLE-HARDENED VETERANS OF Nº 2 PLATOON DIVED FOR COVER. ALL EXCEPT SERGEANT HIMES. . .



Strong In Battle

FOR AN INSTANT, SERGEANT HIMES SWEEPED HIS PLATOON WITH BLAZING EYES. THEN...



AS HE DIVED INTO THE COVER OF THE WALL OF THE CONVENT, A SINGLE FIGURE DETACHED ITSELF FROM THE TREES AND RACED AFTER HIM.





Strong In Battle

AS HIMES AND COOPER VANISHED INTO THE BUILDING, THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF N°2 PLATOON WAS SUDDENLY REKINDLED. TERRIFIED, NAZIS OPENED FIRE IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STOP THE YEOMEN . . .



INSIDE THE BUILDING, N°2 PLATOON WREAKED HAVOC AMONG THE BATTLE-WEARY GERMANS . . .



Strong In Battle

19

THEN, STEN GUN BLAZING, HIMES RACED FOR THE STAIRS. COOPER WHIRLED AND FOLLOWED HIM . . .



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, IT WAS ALL OVER. ST. MISERE WAS TAKEN AND THE LOYAL NORTHERN YEOMEN HAD TIME TO ASSESS THEIR POSITION.



Strong In Battle

Chapter 2. NIGHT BATTLE



SERGEANT HIMES'S VOICE WAS CURT.

HE FIGHTS LIKE HE WAS ONE OF US
... AND THEN HE GOES INTO HIS
SHELL. HE'S A QUEER FISH,
ALL RIGHT!



THE ROLL OF GUNS TO THE SOUTH DID NOT MAKE
SLEEP COME EASILY. LATER, SERGEANT HIMES
CLAMBERED OUT OF THE FOXHOLE AND BEGAN
TO PACE TO AND FRO SOME DISTANCE AWAY.



WHAT D'YOU
MAKE OF HIM
... WALKING UP
AND DOWN
OUT THERE!

I RECKON
HE'S ASKING
JERRY TO POP
HIM OFF, MATE.

THE MOON BROKE THROUGH RAGGED CLOUD, SOMEONE ELSE WAS TAKING AN INTEREST IN THE
SERGEANT'S BULKY FIGURE ...

SO YOU ARE RESTLESS,
ENGLANDER. PERHAPS I
CAN CURE YOU OF THAT
WITH A BULLET!



AT THE INSTANT THE SNIPER TOOK AIM, BILL COOPER SPOTTED THE FLICKER OF MOVEMENT FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE.

SARGE...
LOOK
OUT!



A DEATHLY HUSH FELL IN THE WOOD AS THE TWO MEN HUGGED THE SNOW, SEARCHING THE DARK TREES FOR THE SNIPER.

CURSE THIS DARKNESS.
HE'S OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE, SARGE.
I SAW HIM
MOVE!



COOPER COULD NOT SEE THE ENEMY NOW... BUT HIMES TOOK A QUICK AIM UPWARDS.



LUMME! THE SARGE HAS SPOTTED THE BLIGHTER! HE MUST BE ABLE TO SEE LIKE A CAT...

AAAGH!

CAUTIOUSLY, THE TWO MEN CROPT ACROSS THE SNOW TO THE FALLEN GERMAN.

I JUST DON'T GET IT, SARGE. A DARN GOOD SOLDIER LIKE YOU... WANDERING OUT ON YOUR OWN LIKE THAT...

I WASN'T THINKING, COOPER. GUESS I HAD SOMETHING ON MY MIND.



JUST BEFORE DAWN, LIEUTENANT PALMER CALLED HIS PLATOON TOGETHER. A SPEARHEAD WAS MOVING AGAINST THE GERMAN FORCE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER...

JERRY IS HOLDING HILL NINE, TO THE SOUTH, SERGEANT. THE PLATOON'S JOB IS TO HELP WINKLE HIM OUT TO GIVE OUR TANKS A FREE PASSAGE THROUGH THE GAP TOMORROW.

RIGHT, SIR!



WHEN THE SARGE IS FIGHTING JERRY, HE'S A DIFFERENT BLOKE... WONDER WHAT'S EATING HIM?

JAGGED WIRE MARKED THE WAY FOR Nº 2 PLATOON AS LIEUTENANT PALMER LED THEM ACROSS THE SNOW.

JERRY IS ON THE NEXT HILL.
WE'VE GOT TO CROSS THE
VALLEY BEFORE WE CAN
HIT HIM.

TWO PLATOON
CAN DO IT, SIR,
DON'T WORRY!



THE MEN GATHERED LIKE GREY GHOSTS AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. THEN . . .

TWO PLATOON
...CHAAARGE!



Strong In Battle

25

THE IRMAN MACHINE GUNNERS CUT LOOSE
AND A FLARE BLAZED HIGH, BUT
SERGEANT HIMES URGED THE MEN ON...

KEEP GOING, LADS!
KEEP GOING!
NO STOPPING NOW!



AS THE FLARE DWINDED AND DIED, THE YEOMEN LAUNCHED
THEMSELVES AT THE NAZI-HELD HILLSIDE.

JERRY'S KEEPING
SOMETHING UP HIS
SLEEVE, SERGEANT
...I FEEL IT IN
MY BONES.

GOOD
SHOOTING,
MR! WE'VE
GOT THEM
NOW!



AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO THE LIEUTENANT'S FOREBODING, A THUNDERCLAP SOUNDED, AND FLAME GOUTED SAVAGELY BEHIND THE ADVANCING PLATOON.



LIEUTENANT PALMER MADE A SPLIT-SECOND DECISION.

FORWARD, MEN! WE'LL SLICE THROUGH THE JERRY NET WHERE THEY LEAST EXPECT IT!



BUT THE GERMANS WERE WELL-PREPARED...

HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL THE ENGLANDERS ARE CLOSER.

JA, HERR LEUTNANT...





THE GERMANS EMERGED FROM THEIR HOLES FOR THE FINAL ATTACK . . .



EVERY FIBRE OF INSTINCT IN HIMES SCREAMED TO **FIGHT** BUT AS THE ADVANCING NAZIS CAME MENACINGLY CLOSER, THE SERGEANT TOOK THE TOUGHEST DECISION OF HIS LIFE.









NEAR THE CREST OF THE HILL, THE STARTLED NAZI DRIVER HAPPENED TO GLANCE IN HIS REAR-VISION MIRROR...



SERGEANT HIME'S AND HIS MEN HAD LEARNED WINTER WARFARE IN THE DEADLIEST SCHOOL...



Chapter 3. ***THE VOW***

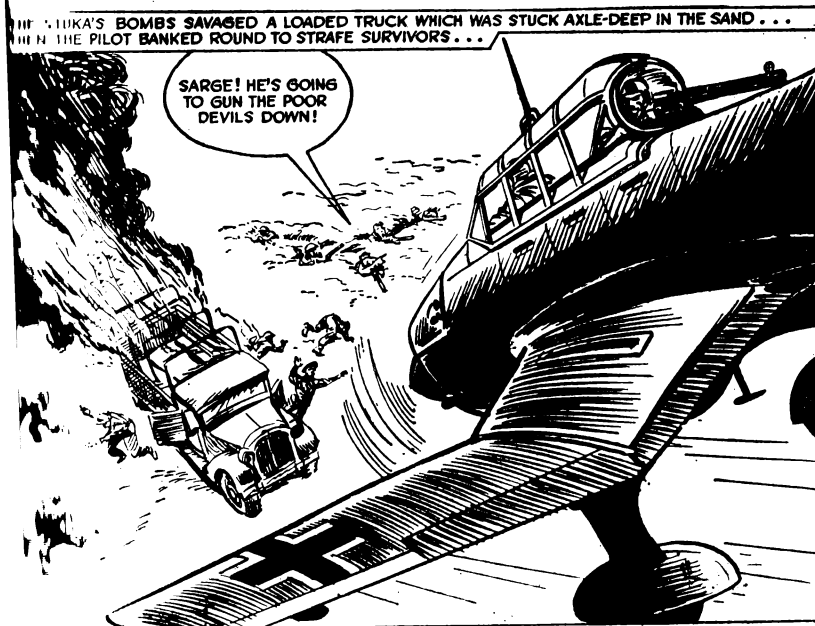


BUT, GAZING DOWN ON THE SNOW-BLANKETED VALLEY BELOW HIM, SERGEANT HIMES'S THOUGHTS WERE BEING DRAWN INEXORABLY BACK TO ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE . . .

SO MANY OF THEM TO BE AVENGED. 'JOEY' AND CORP. SMITTY, SHINER . . .

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE. MAY 1940, DUNKIRK . . .





IT WAS A CRAZY THING TO DO . . . BUT HIMES DIDN'T STOP TO THINK . . .



BUT THE GRIM-FACED STUKA PILOT WAS INTENT ON ANOTHER TARGET. RIFLE FIRE FROM A SHALLOW FOXHOLE HAD BECOME IRRITATING . . .

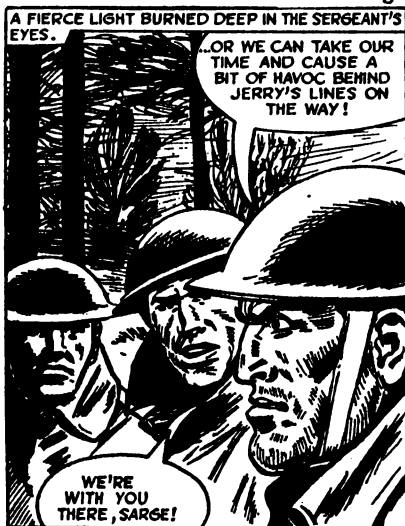


HOURS LATER, AS HE WAS HAULED TO SAFETY ABOARD A WAITING DESTROYER, SERGEANT HIMES MADE A SILENT VOW . . .



A BITTER WIND WAS SIGHING THROUGH THE FOREST AS SERGEANT HIMES TURNED GRIMLY BACK TO THE PRESENT.





COTTAGE BY COTTAGE, SHOP BY SHOP, THEY SEARCHED FOR A SIGN OF LIFE. THEY FOUND TABLES LAID FOR DINNER . . . FOOD AND DRINK . . .



OUTSIDE, IN THE SNOW-SMOTHERED STREETS, THE BRITISH SOLDIERS GAZED ABOUT THEM AT THE SILENT BUILDINGS, NERVOUSLY FINGERING THEIR GUNS . . .



BUT THE EERINESS OF THE DEAD, SNOWBOUND VILLAGE HAD BEGUN TO SEEP INTO SOME OF THE MEN... AND, STRANGELY, ONE OF THEM WAS THE BRAWL-TOUGHENED PRIVATE BURKE...

WHO THE HECK'S FRIGHTENED OF GHOSTS WHEN THERE'S A BOTTLE-TO-BE EMPTIED! NOT ME!



BURKE IS REALLY SCARED STIFF. THERE'LL BE TROUBLE NOW IF I LET HIM KEEP DRINKING.

TROUBLE WAS WHAT PRIVATE BURKE WAS LOOKING FOR!

I SAID, PUT THAT BOTTLE DOWN, BURKE!

WHO THE HECK ARE YOU TO GIVE ORDERS? YOU'VE GOT NO FRIENDS IN THIS PLATOON, HIMES!



AS SERGEANT HIMES TOOK AN ANGRY PACE FORWARD, A HARSH WHISPER FROM THE WINDOW STOPPED THEM ALL IN THEIR TRACKS.



S...SARGE
...LOOK
AT THIS!



NEXT MOMENT, THE GERMAN JEEP SCREECHED TO A HALT. AN ACCUSING FINGER POINTED STRAIGHT AT HIMES AND HIS MEN.

YOU MEN . . .
KOMMEN SIE
HIER !



THE GERMAN HAUPTMANN STRUTTED ARROGANTLY UP TO THE STUNNED BRITISHERS. HIS COLD EYES SWEEPED OVER THEM . . .

THESE ARE NOT BILLETTS
FOR THE MEN! YOU WILL
GO FARTHER DOWN THE
STREET! SCHNELL!





Strong In Battle



HIMES'S LIMITED GERMAN WAS ENOUGH TO PACIFY THE FUSSY HAUPTMANN, AND THE OFFICER WHIRLED ON HIS HEELS AND STRODE AWAY...

BUT HOW THE HECK DO WE FIND OUR KOMMANDER... AND WHAT'S THE GERMAN FOR, GIVE US BRITISH GUNS?



HIMES THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, THEN BOLDLY LED HIS MEN DOWN THE STREET IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN TANKS...





Strong In Battle

47

HUNCHED ON THE GREAT GERMAN TANK, PRIVATE BILL COOPER'S THOUGHTS WERE WITH THE BURLY SERGEANT. . .

WHY IS THE SARGE
SO AFRAID TO
MAKE FRIENDS?

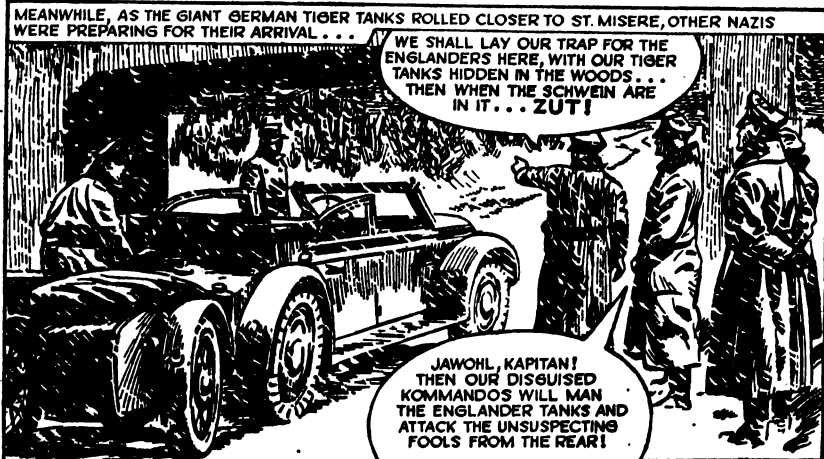


AS SNOW BLEW COLD AGAINST HIS FACE, COOPER HAD TIME TO WONDER AGAIN ABOUT THE BIG MAN SITTING A FEW FEET AWAY. . .

EVERYBODY LOSES
BUDDIES IN WAR.
SURELY IT'S GOT TO BE
MORE THAN THAT.



Strong In Battle



ROARING DEAFENINGLY, THE TIGER CARRYING HIMES AND HIS MEN SWIVELLED TOWARDS THE WOODS...



BUT EVEN AS THE BRITISHERS SCATTERED, A HARSH ORDER RANG OUT. . .



IT WAS PRIVATE BURKE WHO PANICKED...WHO SENT THE FIRST WILD SHOT AT THE NAZI OFFICER...



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, PRIVATE BURKE PAID THE PRICE FOR HIS FOLLY.





IN HEADLONG FLIGHT, THE TWO BRITISHERS RACED SIDE BY SIDE ALONG THE OPEN RIDGE. COVER WAS SPARSE AND NAZI GUNNERS LAID DOWN A WITHERING FIRE . . .







STEEL TRACKS SCREECHED TO A HALT AS SERGEANT HIME'S RACED BACK TO HELP HIS FALLEN COMRADE . . .



AS HIME'S KNELT BESIDE THE DYING PRIVATE, HE HEARD COOPER WHISPER PAINFULLY ABOVE THE SOUNDS OF THE ROARING TANKS BELOW . . .





AS HIMES TURNED AWAY FROM THE YOUNG PRIVATE'S BODY HE FELT RAGE WELL UP IN HIS HEART. SWIFT STRIDES CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE MILLING BRITISH TANKS. . .



THE BLAZE IN THE VETERAN SERGEANT'S EYES HAD ITS EFFECT. MOMENTS LATER, CONTACT HAD BEEN MADE WITH AIR SUPPORT. SOON, THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE FRIGHTENING ROAR OF ROCKET-ARMED TYPHOONS!



THE TYPHOONS BLAZED OVER THE TREETOPS TO SAVAGE THE NAZI ARMOUR.



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE TYPHOONS SHRIEKED IN . . . CRUSHING THE MIGHTY TIGER TANKS AND SCATTERING THE TERROR-STRICKEN KOMMANDO TROOPS.



AND AS THE TYPHOONS WINGED THEIR WAY HOME AT LAST, THE BRITISH COLUMN ROLLED FORWARD AGAIN. ALONG THE WESTERN FRONT, THE GERMANS WERE IN RETREAT. . .



THE ALLIED ADVANCE WOULD GO STEADILY ON UNTIL HITLER WAS CRUSHED AND GERMANY SURRENDERED. ON THE LONG GREY ROAD FROM ST. MISERE, YET ANOTHER BRITISH SOLDIER HAD FULFILLED HIS PART IN THE GREAT FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

NOW YOU KNOW WHY I NEVER LET MYSELF MAKE FRIENDS, COOP. . . NEVER LET ANYONE GET CLOSE TO ME. BECAUSE EVERY TIME I GET TO KNOW A BLOKE, SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIM. SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIM EVERY TIME. . .



A FREE PARDON

IT LOOKED AS IF THE BATTLE FOR FRANCE WOULD GO ON WITHOUT SLUGSY O'HARA.

HEY, LOOK! SLUGSY'S DONE IT THIS TIME! HE'S JUST SLUGGED THE SERGEANT-MAJOR



SLUGSY O'HARA WAS MARCHED IN FRONT OF THE COMPANY COMMANDER.

IT WAS ME OIRISH TEMPER, SIR! ME FIST LASHED OUT BEFORE I COULD STOP IT!

SILENCE, O'HARA! YOU'LL BE SENT BACK FOR COURT-MARTIAL!



THE GLOWING SERGEANT-MAJOR CHEERFULLY DETAILED A TRUCK...

TAKE O'HARA AWAY! HE'S GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR IN THE GLASSHOUSE!



BUT AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, CHAOS HIT THE BRITISH OUTPOST.



SLUGSY WAS FORGOTTEN.

THEY PUT ME UNDER ARREST AND THEN GO OFF AND LEAVE ME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BUTTON - STICK TO DEFEND MESELF WITH!



DIVIL TAKE IT! A PANZER! OUR LADS DON'T STAND A CHANCE!



HE CRAWLED THROUGH THE STONE CULVERT AWAY FROM THE FIRING.

I'D BE NUTS NOT TO TRY TO GET AWAY! ANYWAYS, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO WITH JUST BARE FISTS...



AT THE OTHER END OF THE LONG DRAIN, A BRITISH TRUCK WAS PARKED.

HEY! YOU THERE! COME OVER HERE... QUICKLY!

MY LUCK'S IN... I'M GOING TO BE RESUED!



THE OFFICER FROM ANOTHER UNIT WAS A STRANGER TO SLUGSY.

HELP ME ROLL THESE PETROL DRUMS TO THAT CULVERT YOU'VE JUST COME OUT OF!

BUT... BUT WHY, SIR?





THE OFFICER WENT FORWARD, A GRENADE IN HIS FIST. BUT THEN...



SLUGSY CRAWLED OVER TO THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN...



BUT WITH THAT, THE OFFICER PASSED OUT. RUEFULLY SLUGSY PICKED UP THE GRENADE...







THE REMNANTS OF THE GERMAN FORCE
WERE PUT TO FLIGHT...

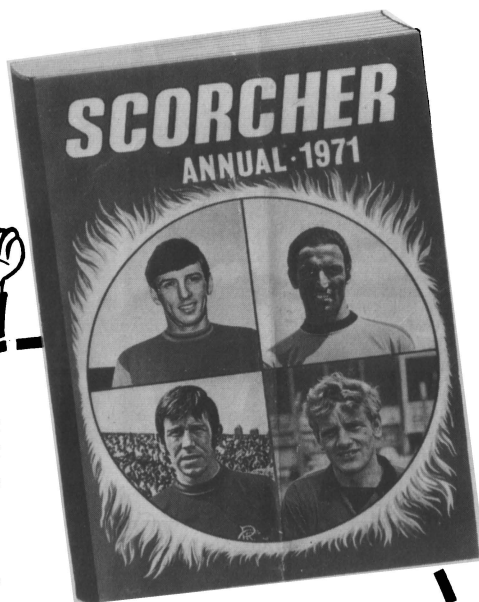


WHEN SLUGSY CAME ROUND...



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